

## Wisconsin—Maine Law.

Our readers are already advised that the Legislature of this State have passed a stringent prohibitory law, containing all the vital principles of the law of Maine. The people take a vote upon it in November next. We can not doubt that the result will be the same as in other States. So far as we are advised, but one paper in the State takes ground against the measure, and the weakness of its articles will give strength to the cause it opposes. This paper is the "Oshkosh Courier," professedly a Democratic sheet. The Editor attempts to pour ridicule upon the measure, but succeeds only in securing contempt for himself. He loads his old musket to the muzzle, intending that his charge shall sweep away every thing before it, but at the first fire, the only result attained was to kick the silly fellow over. He goes off as follows: "The Maine Liquor Law is now the rage. Scarcely four months will have elapsed before that pestilential disturber of the *bono publico* will be among us, a cure-all to the over-worked and badly-governed race of humanity, who have suffered many thousand years for the want of a Maine Liquor Law." The poor soul has no argument to offer but foams and rants, about our free and happy, peaceful and prosperous country, under the reign of liquor, and expresses his fears that the blessed state of things is about to come to an eternal stand by the introduction of a new order of fanatical measures.

Here is a taste of the dish served up for the whisky boys:

"Our country has been advancing with many strides—peace, plenty and prosperity have assumed the living forms of guardian spirits, and have directed us on in a career of happiness before unknown in Christian lands; but we have all along been without the Maine Liquor Law. We have risen to wealth, honor and distinction, in our labor-race with the world; but where would we have been if each State had been fortunate enough to have secured the panacea of the Maine Liquor Law? We have had the Statute Law, the Common Law, the Lynch Law; but the Maine Liquor Law, Heaven pity us, we have not had. We have heard of the Law of Moses, the Jewish Law, and the old Roman Law; but nobody, till lately, knew any thing of the Maine Liquor Law. There was, too, the law of the Medes and Persians "that altereth not"—the law of gravitation and cohesion—and above all the laws of mind and matter; but there has now arisen another law above all these—the Maine Liquor Law. Again, we have the moral and physical law; but not yet the "higher law" of all—the Maine Liquor Law. The truth is it is becoming a Christian habit, now-a-days, to prefer the advice and follow the example of extremists.

"Ideas are worthless if they do not reach a visionary elevation so far above the ken of solid sense and reason as to be wholly undistinguishable. There must be a general flourish—a kind of moral monomania which is to drive mankind to reforms like sheep to the fold. The Maine Liquor Law is in every paper. It is talked about, legislated about, preached about, and sung and whistled. The apple butter of our good old mothers—those poor, misguided mothers of our revolutionary days—patriotic they were, but misguided. Yes, the apple-butter and the cider they used to *swing*, and the

apples, and the mince pies, must all go by the board; they must be thrown into the moral filterer, the impeccable Maine Liquor Law. The next in the endless progress of reform will be the great Anti-Pumpkin Pie Society; and of course Common Schools must go down, because they are common, and even the common events of life must be stopped, and public commons must be got out of the way. Give us the Maine Liquor Law and men will be so great that they can walk on the top of the tallest pines and measure flights with the eagle—but what can we do now, being without the Maine Liquor Law?"

To the credit of the intelligent citizens of Wisconsin, be it said, but one such paper is sustained in the State. "The Democrat," published also at Oshkosh makes the following truthful and sensible remarks:

"This measure is in reality of more practical importance to the people of this State than any or all the political questions which have come before them since our State has had a political existence.

"It is, we presume, a troublesome matter to the mere politician, especially that class who have given up all other business, and devoted themselves to the good of the *dear people*, and have little capital to operate upon beside an ability to harangue the crowds who assemble in bar-rooms and saloons. To such, we have no doubt, it would be much easier to do battle against the Ghost of the old United States Bank, or some other such issue which has been dead so long that the mourners have all disappeared and left none to resent the insult. But the beauty of the thing is that the passage of the Maine Law will do away with the necessity for all that class of *statesmen*. Their "occupation will be gone." To the honest, industrious citizen; to those who pay our taxes, and support our Government, it is fraught with greater blessings than the mind can well conceive. As a mere financial question it is of more importance to the tax-payers of this nation than any one that has divided the two great parties of this country in twenty years. To the thousands of victims of a depraved appetite, who know themselves going to destruction, but have not the power to break away from the temptations which surround them, it opens a door of hope.

"To the Patriot, the Philanthropist, the Christian—to every one, in short, who cares for the welfare of his fellow man, this subject appeals with a force which may well banish all minor questions, and engage all in one grand struggle to banish intemperance, with its thousand evils, from our State."

## Progress of Iniquity.

The following nervous article is taken from a Pittsburg paper. It is one of a series contributed over the signature of "Ion."—read it for its stern facts and impregnable arguments against the Liquor traffic, and for its graphic and powerful style. Read it and be convinced that no greater curse than that of intemperance can afflict and degrade our countrymen:

"Next comes the 'Rumseller,' (the father of the Sampsons of iniquity—'Intemperance,') with the eighty-four millions of distilled damnation sold per annum in the United States.

Stand up, thou brow-branded, Cain-like Rumseller! Stand up before the bar of public opinion, and hear the charge I bring against thee—"Thou art a murderer, a murderer above the laws." I have proved this charge from his own infamous books upon the art of adulteration of liquors, and I

will prove it again. I have proved it by analysis of his liquors, made by scientific men, by the Rumseller's own testimony, and by a cloud of witnesses, and will prove it again. Would you have more testimony? Then let the departed visit the green earth again.

Break the turf above your mouldering homes, ye host of drunkards—shake off the grave dust from your crumpling brows and stalk into court in your tattered shrouds and bony whiteness and testify against him. Say unto him as Nathan said unto the royal murderer, 'thou art the man.' Come down from the gallows thou rum-maddened man-slayer—grip the bloody knife again, and stagger into court, and testify against him. Say unto him as Nathan said unto the royal murderer, 'thou art the man.'

Crawl from the slimy ooze, thou drowned, drunkard victim, and with suffocation's blue and livid lips, testify against him. Bring that rum-damaged suicide into court with his throat cut, and let the dripping gore-drops testify against him. Make way forthat frost stiffened corpse, there, 'Tis the drunkard's wife, driven from her fireside to die in the snow storm. Let the frozen tear on her pale and icy cheek, testify against him. Break thy seal of silence, thou unrelenting past, and let the shrieks and groans of his dying victims come back, wailing down upon the night-winds to testify against him. Unroll and read thou recording Angel, the murder indictments against him, which thou hast written in the book of God's Remembrance, to testify against him. Snap your burning chains, ye spirits damned by alcohol, and rush up, all sheeted in fire and dripping from the blazing waves of hell, and testify against him—plead—'plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of your taking off.'

"God made man in his own image, in the image of God created he him. Who, with impious and polluting hand, defaces the image and supererogation of his maker, and stamps him with the counterfeiting die of the Devil? Alcohol. Man by nature walks erect—lifts his forehead to the stars—power and dominion have been given to him over all the creatures of the earth—he is nature's King? Who breaks his sceptre of authority—takes from him his imperial crown, and degrades him below the brute? Alcohol. Who destroys his reason, 'hides her bright beams in mystic clouds that roll around the shattered temple of the soul, curtailed in midnight? Alcohol.—Who pollutes his heart, and robs it of every noble and generous emotion? Alcohol. Who makes him a madman and then lashes and lalloos on the mad pack of his vilest passions? Alcohol. Who fills our jails with felons, and hangs you trembling wretch upon the gallows? Alcohol. Who crowds our almshouses with paupers, our hospitals with disease, and our grave yards with dead? Alcohol.

Does any of you want to be a fool—nay, worse, become the jibe and derision of fools? Let him drink liquor. Does any of you (I don't care how proud and virtuous you are,) does any of you want to be a rascal with a hang-gallows look, or become a low, vulgar blackguard? Drink liquor.

If you are a father, do you want to see your children ragged and ignorant—growing up young candidates for the penitentiary and gallows? Drink liquor. If you are a son, and you want to pay with black ingratitude the debt you owe your parents, and bring down their reverend grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, drink liquor. If you are a husband, and you want to steal all the beauty from your sweet wife's face—break her heart—make her wretched, and perfectly miserable, drink liquor. Do any of you want to lose the property you have gathered

together by the sweat of your brow, as a home for your wife and little ones, and a retreat in old age? Drink liquor. Do any of you want to work for the devil and find yourselves, or at best, get paid off in the wages of sin, which is death? Drink liquor.—If you want to pay a high premium for being poisoned, drink liquor. If you want to bid an eternal farewell to your freedom, and be a greater slave than was ever laashed at night to his dungeon, drink liquor. If you want to exchange a healthy body, so fearfully and wonderfully made, for a disease cursed frame, that a demon would scorn to inhabit, and the soul quite in disgust, drink liquor. If you want to blast with disease your body, from head to heel—sweep every line where manly beauty lingers, and early heap the clay upon a foul mass of corruption, more disgusting than the leprosy of John and Namaan, or the sores of Lazarus, drink liquor. If you want to go to the grave 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung,' and let infamy there spread her sable plume, and fling its blackness o'er a drunkard's tomb, drink body-blighting—spirit-damning liquor.

More than fifty thousand drunkards die every year in the United States from the direct effects of Alcohol. This is no loose guess. I always stick to my text, and fire close to the mark when I drive in an argument, or clinch it with the proof. I base my estimate upon the other register of old king Alcohol himself. I have a list of one hundred and thirty-five men, who died regular drunkards in the short period of sixteen years, in my native county, and the lower edge of the next county, in Maryland. In my list are Ministers, class leaders, doctors, lawyers, planters, farmers, mechanics and laborers. In my native county one hundred and twelve men died regular drunkards in sixteen years, seven per annum, or one to every four hundred and forty-four inhabitants; at the same rate our present population of twenty three millions, give us fifty one thousand drunkards killed every year by the direct effects of alcohol, to say nothing of the indirect effects of liquor in producing disease and shortening the period of human life. I know all about alcohol—the disease it produces and how it produces them—because it is my business to know, and I fearlessly say, and defy a successful contradiction, that the side stabs—by blows—the indirect effects of alcohol, kill more than die regular drunkards. I have drank old Madeira out of silver goblets with the proudest in the land, and bolted awful bad whiskey with a rum-swilling skunk in a dirty doggerly. I have wandered about and lived in various parts of Maryland, and I have seen just as many grogshops and drunkards as I ever saw in my native county. I have lived in five States and traveled in twenty others, and I have seen more men 'drink rum and become the derision of fools' elsewhere than I ever saw in my native county. My estimate, therefore, is not only perfectly correct as far as it goes, but it is actually under the truth.

Fifty-one thousand men, (more than died at Canaan or at Waterloo,) killed every year in the United States, by alcohol! 'He that hath ears to hear let him hear,' and let this awful figured fact fall on his startling ear like the solemn warning of a death-bell, and let each say for his soul's sake, 'Oh! God—shield, oh! shield me in the hour of temptation from fiery sting of alcohol. Oh! let me not die the death of a drunkard, not let my last end be like his.—Like the deadly simoon that sweeps across the desert, blighting and blasting all before its path, the more deadly simoon of alcohol sweeps over our beautiful land, and the high, and the low, and the proud and humble, have